Lupe Fiasco, Hater Hop

See I live it, Charlie
And then I write it, pimping
Then I record it, dirty
Then it's a song!
But then they hate on me
Cuz they can't take, homie
That I might break, homie
From my home

Which is the west side
F I wicked as the witches from the
West side in the wizard
You see I live it, scribble it
Deliver it, then I distribute it
To my niggas, But yet I
For the life of me
Can't understand the rivalry
Said about my number one fan, my man
He used to ride with me
But now he spitefully uses fighting words to frighten me
Slightly perturbed I war at his words rightfully
I should be lightning like in his ass
But I pass and lightly brush off the ash
From the square of that square
You see I really don't care
But it's a whole lot of insulted niggas over here
Bear in mind some of them mind, all of them won't
Some of them rhyme, all of them don't
Most of them grind, all of them inclined
To see you signed and combined
To be on your ass so serious

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